

# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM  
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, AND THE AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY



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You can make kindness a habit—if you want to.

In humane education it is, after all, the child that is the first consideration.

To awaken and foster the principles of justice and kindness in the heart of a child is to render him a supreme service. The animals' share in this comes as an inevitable consequence.

We heard the other day of an excellent woman who said that if her dog was to have a place in the future home of the immortals she didn't want to go there. Doubtless some animals might feel the same way about their masters.

It is well to be frankly told by the extreme advocates of preparedness that their ultimate goal is compulsory military service in this country. These gentlemen were born several generations too late. The people still have a voice in national affairs.

Protect the horses against fire! You can help, if you live in Massachusetts, by writing your senator and representative to support the bill our Society has presented. We print it in another column. It does not ask for the impracticable or the impossible.

One of Agassiz's biographers says of him, "When a very little fellow he had all sorts of pets: birds, field-mice, hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, etc., whose families he reared with the greatest care. His pet animals suggested questions, to answer which was the task of his life."

That is a capital idea put forth some time ago in an editorial of the Boston *Globe*, that if we are to have a large army, it be set to work in useful ways. Instead of drill, drill all the while, why should not a part of the time be spent "reclaiming desert lands, reforesting our large western tracts, putting roads through our great undeveloped national parks." These are some of the things an army in time of peace might do for the nation. It might not be according to precedent, but we should have, should war occur, doubtless a more virile army with a much higher morale, than the present system is calculated to produce.

The editor of the *Commercial Car Journal* says, that from all the facts he can learn, 85 per cent. of the transportation of the country is done by horses and mules, fifteen per cent. by railroads and steamships; that the motor truck has relieved the draught animals of not more than 1.5 per cent. of their work. In other words they are still occupying 98.5 per cent. of the field so long theirs.

Our neutrality has been in vain so far as deepening the friendship between us and any of the warring nations. Perhaps it has been unavoidable. Certain commercial interests, however, that have grown enormously rich out of the sale of their products, do not represent the heart of the nation. The best people in the United States are not prostrate before the golden calf.

"Two hundred sections of Boy Scouts, better soldiers as to drill and military manoeuvres than many suburban military companies, are an effective nucleus for a future American army," said Major General McAlpin, president of the Boy Scouts of the United States before the recent congress on Preparedness. We have been told so many times that militarism is no part of the Boy Scout movement that we wonder who is right.

It seems to us, not being statesmen, that the danger of attack and invasion from any one of the nations now at war, once peace is declared, is about as probable as an assault upon a community by the inmates of its hospitals. Convalescence in men and money will require the lapse of more than the few months, when, as our orators tell us, we may expect to see our coast cities destroyed and a conquering army sweeping inland from the sea.

One might deem it reasonable to suppose that this appalling war, unrivalled for its cruelties, its losses and its waste, would sicken the world of war, and move all neutral nations to such policies as would make evident their desires for peace and final disarmament. Instead it seems to be the very hour and power of militarism's recrudescence. Apparently we are being swept off our feet by the excited and clamorous cry for a great army and an invincible navy. The best way to insure war is to get ready for it. Is not that the teaching of this present conflict?

The World Peace Foundation is simply repeating the lessons of history when it says, "The policy of military preparedness which some desire to force on us is not new. It has been tried pretty consistently some six thousand years. It smashed eventually Egypt, Greece, Rome, Spain, and France as world empires."

We are in thorough agreement with the assertion that the people in this country who are opposed to the policy of swinging the entire nation over to militarism through the demand for preparedness, are not "chicken-livered cowards." They "are merely common-sense folk who refuse to be blinded by custom or stampeded by appeals to fear or to race hate."

Senator Cummins, of Iowa, is the authority for the statement that since the outbreak of the present war and up to October 26, 1915, 174 new munition manufacturing concerns had been organized in the United States. Let the government undertake the manufacture of all war munitions and there is not the slightest doubt that many men now talking so vociferously about preparedness would subside into silence.

"The men who die and the women who mourn have the God-given right to a public sentiment untouched and unmodified by those whose coffers are filled with the bloody gold of traffic in war," declared Senator Cummins.

## ALL AMERICAN CITIZENS

Four Negroes shot to death and two burned alive in Early County, Georgia, December 30. Sam Bland and Will Stewart lynched in Dodge County, Georgia. Another Negro hanged to a telephone pole in Forest City, Arkansas. A colored woman, Mrs. Cordelia Stevenson, whose son was accused of burning a white man's barn, taken from her home and hanged by a mob near Columbus, Mississippi.

A few weeks' record. All American citizens. Had one of them been killed on a steamship sunk by a submarine what a flood of patriotic oratory would have been poured forth in the name of the "nation's honor." Apparently it makes a difference where American citizens are killed and who kills them.

F.H.R.

"Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies." — "Measure for Measure."

## THE WOOD THRUSH

By SUSAN SHARP ADAMS

At eve I hear him in the woods  
That skirt the shore.  
He sings of fragrant wilding rose,  
And ocean roar,  
And purple iris on the brink  
Of banks with mountain laurel pink.  
  
I fain would bid my voice repeat  
With studied art,  
The lilting cadence of the song  
That thrills my heart.  
But though I bend to catch the strain,  
My quest is fugitive and vain.  
  
Untaught, by gift of God he sings  
His song ornate.  
Nor reed, nor stave, nor human voice  
Can imitate,  
Nor books nor learning teach the way  
To reproduce his wild-wood lay.

## SAVING THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Reports from lighthouse keepers in various places around the British Isles record the success of the scheme for saving migratory bird life by the construction of perches and rests beneath the lights. These resting-places have harbored a great variety of migrants when wind or fog has overpowered or bewildered them. "It is now a rare occurrence to pick up dead birds around the light," says the keeper of St. Catherine's, on the Isle of Wight. "The perches were made good use of by the smaller birds," reports the tender of the Casquets off Alderney. From the Spurn and South Bishop lighthouses come similar reports, until it seems settled that these once death-luring lights for the birds have been transformed into havens of safety.

## TRAGEDIES OF THE ZOO

The killing of her three cubs by the mother grizzly bear in the Bronx Zoo and the similar act of a brown bear in an adjoining cage, who strangled her two little ones after witnessing the first tragedy, are things inexplicable in terms of human reasoning. The curator of the Zoo refers to these acts as a "most extraordinary happening." And yet a score of reasons might be advanced. Nervousness, uneasiness, jealousy, worry, fright, spite, suspiciousness, temporary madness—any or all of these perhaps may have supplied the intent and caused the mother to murder her offspring, but come to think of it seriously, could not those mothers have caught a vision of the future for their children and decided that the little unfortunates were better off dead than to grow up bereft of the natural joys of freedom?



THE BLUE JAY'S BATH



If you're fond of whittling—as what boy, in these days of manual training, is not—and have an idle moment or two, now and then, why not devote your time and skill to the good cause of helping our feathered friends? Whether you live in country or town, the birds are always willing to accept help, and such assistance as this cannot, alone, come amiss, but will be like casting bread on the waters, leading others to imitate, till the reward of bird-songs and of crops saved from insect pests will be yours, before many days.

It remained for the young lads of the Taylor's Creek school, closely suburban to Cincinnati, to chance on the clever idea and to put it into execution forthwith.

As the boys chatted and had nothing else in mind, instead of whittling a stick, or toying to no end, it occurred to them to cut and shape some of the innumerable bits of boards that are always at hand. These boards would then be fashioned to bird-houses, and who so poor as unable to donate the few tacks for such purpose, or secure gift of them from hardware dealers somewhere?

It was not long before numerous bird-houses were completed, with the artistic touches boys love to give, added as the individual carver had a mind. One house had its porch, where the bird could sit to feed her young; one had a twig nailed before, for the same purpose, another was given a barbing protection, to prevent felines and other bird-foes creeping out to it in the night.

Each bird-house had enough individuality to characterize it and set it apart.

The bird-houses, however, were not set up on the owners' farms, but on the grounds of the school-house. After all, from eight in the morning, when most school folk leave home, until four in the afternoon, when they're really settled back there, five days of the seven are spent around the school, and so the birds might as well be coaxed to come there, where one may see, hear and enjoy.

Not only that but a wise teacher saw other possibilities in the bird-houses in the school-yard. There are boys, still, who delight in using slings; in robbing birds'-nests to collect the eggs; and scolding, even punishment, does not always correct such tendency.

And when, through the window, on winter days, the teacher saw some bird taking refuge from the storm in the boy-built house, she would point out the comfort the bird charity was giving. Suppose one of the boys, or girls, had to stand outside in the cold, hunting dinner where perhaps none was to be found, or when at last a mite was had, there was no place to enjoy it, safe from one's enemies?

Again, in the spring, when the birds built their nests, the care the mother-bird would take in hunting for string or horsehair, or down, to complete the houselet! Ordinarily the birds had all they could do to find food for themselves; yet, bye and bye, note how they saw to it that the little ones came first of all!

No pleading for the birds, no asking boys not to kill; just the pointing out of some little whys and wherefores and phases of bird-life one is apt, perhaps, to forget.

Then, when the bluebird sang, or the cardinal piped, compositions that day were on the sub-



PUTTING UP BIRD-HOUSES

ject of that bird; and the teacher had the boy who had been wont to shoot birds tell of them, and asked what he believed could be done for them, and made him an authority on bird-protection till he'd have fought any boy he caught harming a bird.

It's only a little thing, this getting the boys to make bird-houses for the school-yard trees; but if the experience here at Taylor's Creek may count, it's one of the most all-round successful schemes this section has as yet seen.

## BIRD SPIES

The secret service of the air is not confined to the military 'planes that search out the location of batteries and entrenchments. A branch no less efficient and reliable is found among birds themselves.

Birds have become useful in Europe as sentries to warn men of the approach of the enemy before the hostile force is perceptible to the human eye. The French have found that parrots are acutely sensitive to the presence of aircraft, and therefore they have stationed a number of these birds on the top of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, in order to warn the sentries of the approach of German taubes. Before the craft is visible to the human eye the birds bristle with excitement and then begin to screech. Their acuteness is due not to their eyesight, as one might suppose, but to an unusual acuteness of hearing, which enables them thus to give a valuable warning.

## A GROWING BAND

Band of Mercy No. 98,372, of Clifton, New Jersey, reported late in 1915 by Herbert Alyea, has now enrolled over five hundred members.

# Shall We Save the Quail from Extermination?

By Dr. R. W. SHUFELDT

**R**ECENTLY, a number of our periodicals have published the suggestion that our quails be placed on the song-bird list, to be protected in the same manner as the latter by federal laws enacted for the purpose. In my opinion, this is an admirable, not to say highly necessary proposition; and you may take my word for it that, unless this is done, and done within the next few years, all of our species of quails will be reduced to the very verge of extinction and in due course entirely exterminated. Now we may look for the sportsmen and hunters of the country to make a vigorous protest against any such legislation being put into effect; they will probably rise to a man and attempt to prove that the present state and federal laws, enacted for the protection of our game-birds, are so framed that through their operation quails are not only not being reduced in numbers all over the country, but that they are actually upon the increase.

I have been a hunter of quails and a student of ornithology for over half a century; not in any casual way either, but seriously, continuously, and always with a definite purpose in view. Those who know me best will be the last to say that I would support such an act as is proposed above, unless I was absolutely certain that the necessity for it had been more than amply demonstrated. Moreover, I would be the last to wish to deprive the sportsmen of the country of the pleasure they have in shooting quails every season, and the hundreds of others who trap them all the year round!

Not only are our beautiful bob-whites of the eastern half of the country being reduced steadily in numbers every year, but the ten species and sub-species of the western forms are being practically exterminated with marked and certain rapidity. Our bob-white is one of the grandest little birds that exists in our entire avifauna, and the various forms of quails or partridges, which are found in the Pacific tier of States and elsewhere in the West, stand among the most beautiful species that we have of the feathered world. I have had these birds alive on many occasions, and I have photographed from life not only specimens of our bob-whites, but also several species of the western forms, as the plumed quail (*O. p. plumifera*); the chestnut-bellied scaled quail (*C. s. castanogastris*); the California quail (*L. c. californica*), and others. Two of my photographs selected from this list are here reproduced as illustrations, one being of the Texan bob-white and the other of the California quail. They were taken the size of life, and are faithful representations of these most beautiful birds.

To return, however, to the matter of the gradual

destruction of our quails, before I touch upon the value of these birds to the American farmer and to agriculturists generally, I would like to point to the time when, three-quarters of a century ago, this system of extermination commenced. Speaking of the eastern bob-white, Wilson, writing in the early part of last century, tells us that "They remain with us the whole year, and often suffer extremely by long, hard winters and deep snows. At such times, the arts of man combine with the inclemency of the season for their destruction. To the

the South, while still more ingenious ones are employed throughout all the northern States. Simply enormous numbers of our quail are thus annually destroyed—in some sections utterly exterminated. So common were these birds in Wilson's time, that they brought only from twelve to eighteen cents apiece in the Philadelphia markets. There is another thing to be considered, however; the guns used in these days by sportsmen in hunting quail are far more certain and fatal than the old flint-lock, muzzle-loading ones used to be in the days of Wilson and Audubon.

A few days ago I was in the Center Market of Washington, D. C., and there I saw boxes of the birds—150 in a box—for sale, while one man had three flour-barrels full of them! This sort of thing cannot go on forever without extermination being the sure and final result.

But now listen to Audubon's account, and note how they destroyed the bob-whites in his day (1832). "These birds," he says, "are easily caught in snares, common dead-falls, traps and pens, like those for the wild turkey, but proportionate to the size of the bird. Many are shot, but the principal havoc is effected by means of nets, especially in the western and southern States." Then he gives another account of how "a number of persons on horseback, provided with a net, set out in search of partridges, riding along the fences or briar-thickets, which the birds are known to frequent."

It will not be necessary to quote the rest of his story *in extenso*, for it is too long for my present purpose; but I may say, in support of the fact that the quails are not nearly so numerous now as in his day, that he closes the tale with the following words: "In this manner, fifteen or twenty partridges are caught at one driving, and sometimes many hundreds in the course of a day. Most netters give liberty to a pair out of each flock, that the breed may be continued." Mind you, *one pair* out of each flock—where they captured "many hundreds" in a day! The chances of "continuing the breed" by any such magnanimous procedure would have about as much effect as would the sticking up of little placards in the fields and thickets by the sportsmen for the quails to read, begging them to lay double the number of eggs to the setting, and to raise at least six or seven broods to the season!

Perhaps the most glaring example of the rapid extermination of several of our most beautiful as well as useful birds of this family is now going on in California and in other western States where these species are found. As I pointed out above, we have a number of species of these partridges in the aforesaid region, and I very well remember the accounts of their immense covies, which explorers and naturalists brought back in their journals during the early 60's. Mr. James Jenkins, who was my instructor in taxidermy in 1866 and on, had collected a beautiful series of the plumed partridge in California; he told me that he had seen over a thousand of them in a single flock, and that they were extremely abundant in certain parts of that State.



BOB-WHITE

ravages of the gun are added others of a more insidious kind; traps are placed on almost every plantation, in such places as they are known to frequent. These are formed of lath, or thinly-split sticks, somewhat in the shape of an obtuse cone, laced together with cord, having a small hole at top, with a sliding lid, to take out the game by. This is supported by the common figure 4 trigger; and grain is scattered below and leading to the place. By this contrivance, ten or fifteen have sometimes been taken at a time."

These traps are still in use in many parts of



CALIFORNIA QUAIL

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

At this writing they are being shot out with fearful and remarkable rapidity; and the only thing which will prevent their entire and complete extermination in the comparatively near future is to have state and federal laws passed and enforced, which will absolutely prevent any more of them being shot by sportsmen or by any one else. All sorts of trapping of them should be strictly forbidden; and if birds of any of these western species of quails or partridges are offered anywhere for sale, the salesman, or the purchaser, or both, are to be dealt with as the law provides. I have heard many a gunner express himself to the effect that, if the "sportsmen" of this generation do not shoot out these birds, the ones of the next generation certainly will; so, what is to be gained by conserving them for the generations to come in the far-off future?

This is the most stupid and selfish opinion that anyone could possibly advance in the premises; and were it carried out in the case of everything, as for example all the products in nature, the world would soon be not much better off than a desert.

All of our quails and partridges should be protected to the extent of not being killed any more at all; and they are deserving of such protection for the elevating effect their presence in nature exerts upon us through their beauty and their charming notes, added to the great desirability of preserving them for their value to our agricultural interests.

Without going into details, I find that the quails and partridges of this country, of the family *Odontophoridae*, according to the most conservative computation save the farmers and agriculturists a great many millions of dollars annually, through their destruction of harmful insects and the seeds of equally harmful weeds. Only the other day I read somewhere that the Hessian fly causes a loss of \$20,000,000 every year to the wheat farmers of the United States; and that a single quail, killed somewhere out West, was found to have the remains of two thousand of these very Hessian flies in its crop and digestive tract. A very little computing here will quickly demonstrate the value of these birds in our nation-wide plans of federal economy, in that the greatest number of our people may be benefited, even at the expense of the few, where the latter are not deprived of anything save one item on the menu and the partial curtailment of such sport as is to be derived from the shooting of our most lovable birds—the quails.

## NO FEAR OF WILD ANIMALS

"During all the years you have spent in the Rocky Mountains you have never carried a revolver or a gun. Wasn't your life often in danger?" asked James B. Morrow, of that well-known author and naturalist, the hermit of Long's Peak, Colorado, Enos A. Mills.

"Possibly; I don't know," Mr. Mills answered. "Animals are harmless if one lets them alone. It is not so, however, with men. Animals mind their own business. In that particular they again are unlike men. Automobiles are more of a menace to a pedestrian from the mountains, like myself, than are grizzly bears, bob-cats or lions."

"No one has need to fear wild animals; they have better manners and morals than have human beings. They will not fight unless they are attacked or their rights are grossly violated. With them, it is safety first all the time."

"Animals have too much sense to tax themselves poor in getting ready for war. They are wiser than the whole of Europe. Nor are they naturally bloody-minded enough to go to war, to burn or blow up the dens of their enemies and to butcher or starve thousands of mothers and their young."

## THE PRAYER OF MOTHER QUAIL

By JAKE H. HARRISON

My children, war has been declared  
Upon the innocent,  
And while we have no sins to shrive,  
Transgressions to repent,  
And are as free of evil thoughts  
As is the purest air,  
I want you all to bow your heads  
And join with me in prayer.  
  
Dear Lord, we crave protecting care  
From cruel, heartless man,  
And ask Thee to preserve our lives  
Through their allotted span;  
If this, Oh Lord, cannot be done,  
We ask Thee then, again,  
If we must die by violence,  
Let us not suffer pain.

Let not our wings be shattered, Lord,  
By shot that do not kill,  
Our legs be broken, cruelly;  
And, if it be thy will,  
Direct each shot we must receive  
Toward some vital part,  
In mercy let it find its way  
To either brain or heart.

We have no hands to dress a leg  
Or badly shattered wing;  
Therefore, Oh Lord, in mercy spare  
Us from the poignant sting  
That comes of broken wings and legs  
Where there are none to heal,  
For while, dear Lord, we may not fight,  
We are compelled to feel.

Let heartless hunters' aim be true,  
That we may quickly die,  
And not all mangled, bleeding, torn,  
Be left at last to lie,  
And suffer thirst and agony,  
Mayhap for days and days,  
Because of human cruelty  
And man's unthinking ways.

My children, Lord, are with me now,  
But ere tomorrow's dawn,  
Unless the hunter's hand is stayed  
Some of them will be gone;  
I beg Thee, in thy providence,  
To be my solace then,  
And help me bear a mother's woe  
With fortitude. Amen!



SILVER FOX CAUGHT BY SNARE

Death is instant, but this is an unusual method of trapping foxes, which as a rule are too wary to be snared.

## DEHORNING WITNESSED

A gentleman, a well-known Boston lawyer, who spent some time on a ranch in Montana last summer, has just described to us a dehorning he witnessed while there. Readers who avoid descriptions of cruelty are requested to read no further.

A bull was to be dehorned. The method prescribed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture was followed. First the bull was thrown and rendered as nearly immovable as possible. Then the saw was used, cutting according to directions low down at base of horn. The moan of the poor victim was enough to move the heart of this lawyer little given to sentiment. As the horn came off a stream of blood spurted several feet into the air, and the intense suffering of the bull was as evident as the fact of the cruel operation. The torn and bleeding wounds were treated with tar and the animal released. He shook his drooping head, bellowing in his pain, and then made for the brush where he hid himself for days. When at last he approached the headquarters of the ranch he still gave abundant evidence of the torture he had suffered. The end had been attained, however. His spirit had been not only cowed but broken. He was a humiliated, timid, creature, who moved among the herd no longer its proud leader, but the most spiritless of them all.

It is in the face of such testimony that we are told there is no cruelty in dehorning. This abomination will go, in time, with many another, when our civilization penetrates below the surface of our selfish interests. Some day we shall demand that cattle breeders, if horns are not wanted, shall prevent their growth, as may so easily and painlessly be done, during the first week after birth. F.H.R.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME

Mr. Hudson Maxim, in making an appeal for a larger army and navy, is reported by the press as responsible for the following:

"Any of the great foreign nations now at war will have available several million war-tried veterans for a trial at arms with us. \* \* \*

"When the great war is over, whichever side wins, there will be sure to arise between the winners and ourselves complications to be adjusted," Mr. Maxim said. "Either Germany or England would have a navy far superior to our own, and, consequently, could not successfully be opposed by our navy. Our enemy would be able to land upon our shores at least a quarter of a million men inside of a month, and after that continually bring reinforcements at the rate of 250,000 a month, if they should happen to be required. Our little, poorly-equipped army would not be able to offer resistance enough to make a ripple in the line of the enemy's advance. Our army would be just about one good day's killing."

"If the enemy landed at either New York or Boston," the speaker said, "they would be able in two weeks to capture the area in which the great arsenals, navy-yards and munition factories of the country are situated."

We do not know this Mr. Maxim. We have heard about the Maxim gun, and recently our papers were widely advertising the stock of some Maxim munition concern. As to the statement made, the language necessary to express our opinion of it would not look well in print. F.H.R.

## THE CHEERY CHICKADEE

By STANTON A. BROWN

Long would be the stormy days,  
And sad our northern winters be—  
If ought should still the merry song  
Of cheery "chick-chick-chickadee,"



"CUTE," A NEBRASKA PET

## CAPRICCIO

By THOS. J. TAYLOR

Late evenings, when the folks have fled  
The lower floor and gone to bed  
In search of dreams which, early-bred,  
They say are sweeter,  
There lies a coiling bunch of fur  
Within my reach which, if I stir  
To stroke it, yawns and 'gins to purr  
In longish metre,  
And lifts to mine two yearning eyes,  
Low-lidded now in love's surprise  
Which moves it presently to rise  
(No fairy feater)  
And gracefully invade my lap  
To doze again. Betimes this nap  
Is broken—by some dream, mayhap—  
And from me, fleeter  
Than when it came, it stalks away—  
Delivered of affection's sway—  
And glares reproach, as one might say,  
"I scorn a cheater!"  
Then (shelving me) it laps with care  
Its coat, some damage to repair,  
Until 'tis neat as Barb'ra's hair—  
Or, maybe, neater!  
And sleep resumes until arise  
The clock-hands toward the topmost skies,  
And I have journeyed contra-wise  
To fix the heater;  
When (pals again), for midnight lunch  
We seek the kitchen, lap and munch,—  
Beg pardon? "Who's this furry bunch?"  
Why, Peter!

## HUNGARY'S DOGS AND CATS

The Hungarian S. P. C. A. has issued an appeal asking the public to deliver up their dogs and cats, and not drive them into the streets owing to the lack of foodstuffs. There have been handed over upwards of five thousand animals during the last few months, for the majority of householders could not afford to keep their pets. In spite of this, the number of homeless and starving animals is alarmingly large in the streets of Budapest, and the authorities are taking great pains to collect them, for the hungry and savage animals constitute a danger to public health. The dogs are the innocent victims of the war, and no bread tickets are being issued for them.

## CONCERNING A CERTAIN CAT

[Editor's Note: We venture the assertion that there is too much truth in the following to be taken humorously.]

Certain of our friends who do not altogether approve of us insist that they wouldn't have us "doctor a sick cat." We crave their indulgence for intruding these simple remarks about the doctor's own cat. Surely a doctor is entitled to mistreat his own animal.

Well, Tom is a giant and a royal household pet. Without a purr of protest he has submitted to a nine months' study which, we think, has not been entirely barren of results.

On one meal a day Tom has a pulse rate of 100, feels well, lazy, affectionate and contented with himself and his treatment.

On two meals a day, one being milk, the other mixed food from the table, the heart beat is 120 a minute. Tom is rather irritable, sometimes ugly. And we have some reason to assume that his liver troubles him at times.

On three meals a day, two of them consisting of meat, Tom exhibits need of a good cholera mixture, his pulse rises to 130, his heart is irregular, and in other ways he shows evidences of a marked toxæmia, or, as it is better known, auto-intoxication.

So we put him back on the original one meal a day plan, and presently he is himself again—friendly, docile, lazy, good to the children.

We haven't the slightest doubt that if we keep on feeding Tom with an excess of animal protein—meat, etc.—not really necessary for him, he would have a series of fits and die, and we would be wondering which of the wicked neighbors gave our poor cat poison. Certainly many a neighbor and many a household pet reach this conclusion.

But the purpose of our story, the moral to be drawn, is obvious: Too much meat will kill even a cat.

And remember how it works: It poisons the cardio-vascular system—the heart and arteries.

Then consider the fact that the death rate for persons over forty years of age is higher today than it was ten or fifteen years ago, although the death rate for all other ages is declining.

Finally, look over the meat bill and see how foolishly you are squandering your money.

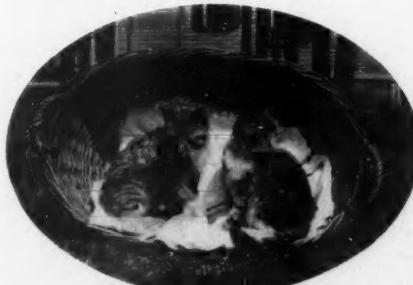
As a matter of fact, corn meal, in the shape of johnny-cake or that incomparable delicacy, fried corn-meal mush, will "stay by" the hard-working man quite as well as meat, at a trifling cost, and without the meat toxæmia.

—Chicago Daily News.

## NO TAX ON CATS

The town council of Guben, in East Prussia, in order to increase communal revenue, on which war necessities have made heavy drafts, proposed a tax on house cats.

The project was voted down by a small majority, the opposition representing that Guben would be overrun by mice and rats if cat-keeping were to be made a luxury.



"POKEY" AND "TIGEY"

## WHAT SOME HORSES SAID

By MRS. L. M. HILLS

*This is what some horses said to their masters at the close of the day's work:*

## Jim:

Good master, there is a sore on my hip. I cannot see it, but when the line rests on it, or the whip hits it, it gives me great pain. Will you please see what causes it and try to cure it? It may be from a nail in the floor. Would you also give me a little thicker bedding? Then try me without the whip. A few more oats and a little less work will do more than the whip.

## White Face:

My master, why did you strike me on my face today when my feed-bag fell off? I did not get half my dinner, and was it my fault or yours that it was not properly fastened?

## Star:

When you send me out on the grocery team tomorrow will you, please, tell the boy who drives me, not to make it harder for me by taking on a number of boys, using the whip all the time, and fairly racing me over my route?

## Sam:

Master, when Tom and I were doing our very best to draw that heavy load up that steep hill, why did you continually jerk the reins, whip us and keep calling "gid-up," "gid-up?" And when we saw where we could have a better foothold, instead of jerking us from one side of the road to the other, why did you not let us take it?

## Ned:

'When I was frightened almost to death yesterday and tried to escape, which is just what you would have done in such a fright, did it make me less frightened to be whipped, and yelled at, and cursed for it? You only made it harder for me, when a kind, gentle word and a soothing touch of your hand would have quieted me and made me feel that you were my friend and would have saved me from danger. Why, my master, did you not give them?

## Dick:

I do not like to complain, but if on a cold winter morning you would warm the bits before putting them in my mouth, I should feel much more comfortable. I once knew a master who always did that for his horses and they appreciated it.

## Lady:

Will you please, kind master, loosen my check-rein, especially when I am going up hill? All horses could keep up their gait longer and more easily if checkreins were looser. Please try it when I go out again with the carriage.

## Old Jerry:

You have been a good master to me for many years, and I have tried to be faithful to you. But I am old now and feeble and must soon die. I want to thank you for all your kindness and am sure you will do as well by your other horses as you have by me. We horses appreciate kind treatment, and each one of us wishes to do the very best he can for his master, and the kinder care he received the better he can work. Although the Heavenly Father has denied us the power of human speech, we have a language of our own, and so we talk over our masters and our daily lives with each other, and we are glad, always, to tell of a gentle pat, a kind word, or a lump of sugar. We are not without affection for those who are good to us, and I wish that every man would treat his animals so that he could truthfully say

"That mercy I to others show  
That mercy show to me."

Good night, dear master. A few more nights and you will mercifully help me across to that other shore where no morning call of yours can reach the ears of old Jerry.

# Where Animal Pets Serve as Teachers

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

**W**HAT is undoubtedly one of the most unique and interesting private collections of animal pets in this country is that of Mr. George Getz, at his country home, near Chicago. Probably the most remarkable feature of it is the fact that Mr. Getz acquired it for the purpose of teaching his two boys, Henry and James Getz, aged five and seven,



MEMBERS OF THE GETZ FAMILY AND THEIR PETS

how to hang on. Thus everything has been carried out with the idea of educating. There are also two Angora goats which make an excellent team, and are driven to a little express wagon.

There are few questions concerning the habits of these animals which the two Getz boys cannot answer. And not less important than the knowledge which the children thus



THE SMALLEST SHETLAND IN THE WORLD



IN THE ROMAN CHARIOT

respectively, all there is to first hand zoology. In other words, Mr. Getz believes that when one wants to know the whys and wherefores of an animal, he can learn a vast deal more by inspecting the animal in the flesh than by reading, or having read to him, some inadequate paragraph from a stilted story-book.

Henry and James Getz have their own private school-house which is fitted up with desks, blackboards and all the other usual accessories of the public institutions; they have regular hours of study and recitations and are subject to the same discipline as pupils of the public schools. But all of this is incidental to the purpose of the animals which represent a wide variety of fauna.

Among the many specimens there are two Arabian horses and a couple of donkeys from the Holy Land. All of these animals the Getz boys ride without fear. For equestrian purposes they also have the smallest steed of its kind in the world, a Shetland pony that is only twenty-six inches in height and weighs but ninety pounds. When they drive the pony they do not hitch him up to a donkey cart but to a little Roman chariot, for the chariot has historical value and serves its purpose in teaching the young idea



A DONKEY FROM THE HOLY LAND

gain, is the fact that association with the various animals inculcates in them a love for all dumb creatures.

#### PRACTICAL SCHOOL WORK

From a grammar school principal of Washington, D. C., comes this letter:

"I am enclosing herewith reports of the seven Bands of Mercy just organized in the School. Following your suggestion, we have a Band in each room from the third to the eighth grade inclusive.

"The teachers are cooperating and our place is to have fifteen minutes of our composition period given every Thursday to some topic relating to humane education. The presidents and secretaries are to report to me on Friday the most important features of the class-room work, especially any reports of individual effort on the part of pupils. Then, once a month, we plan to have a joint meeting in our assembly hall where the best work of the month can be brought before all. I feel that if we can carry out our plan we shall have live organizations that will do much to promote humane work in our city."

## BLANKETLESS

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

**H**e stood and shivered in the biting cold, Patiently waiting for the master who, Thoughtless or careless, thus had left his horse  
To brave the elements that made him cringe And rub his hands when next he grasped the reins.  
A horse's hide is tough and can withstand The inconvenience of the frost and snow And coldly dripping rain—thus ran his thoughts.  
A blanket would cost money more than he Desired to pay. He must be warmly clad Since he, forsooth, his health and strength must keep,  
Wage-earner that he is. Yet should his horse  
Feel inconvenience from the icy wind, Still can he be urged on, since brute strength lasts  
Through suffering no human can endure.  
Oh, man, when will you learn your horse can feel  
As keenly as do you? That gift of speech Alone, makes masters? They who draw the load  
Oft instincts have proclaiming them above The one that holds the guiding rein. 'Tis this  
That makes your horse devoted, willing, kind.  
Give him the comfort that he earns, I pray; And when you leave him, as you do each day,  
Standing so patiently, bethink you how The cold wind searches and upon him throw The blanket as a shield from chilling blast and snow.

## RINGMASTER IS DEAD

(Grey Eagle)

[An editorial in the *Western Christian Advocate* by the late Bishop D. H. MOORE]

**G**ENTLE reader, pass this by, unless you know a good horse when you see him, and love him with an honest heart. You would not profane my sorrow by unsympathetic presence; pass on. Draw near, you who have reared and loved and lost a noble horse; we understand one another—it is our funeral. We will not need to apologize for kindly words, nor hide the unbidden tear. We are a motley company; from plough and desk, and pulpit and lathe; farmer, merchants, ministers, mechanics, soldiers, capitalists. Yet we uncover from sheer instinct of loss as the message is read: "The sun is shining very bright, but it does not drive away the cloud of sadness which overwhelms us; Ringmaster died at 4 this morning."

In Missouri, where he was bred and won his triumphs; in Colorado, in whose capital for years he led every great procession, and where the knightly Logan rode him at the head of the parading Grand Army; in Wyoming, where he made friends with the cowboys of the Powder River and the Belle Fourche; and in the fertile valley of the Hockhocking in Ohio, where he died—the announcement of his death will excite genuine sorrow.

Pass on, good reader—this is not for you; it is only for us simple folk, who love a good horse next to a good man. Leave our grief unbuked.

"He was only a horse." True, but such a horse! In his delicate and alert ears; in his broad forehead, beaming eyes and swelling nostrils; in the silken meshes of his flowing mane and tail; in the princely pomp of his neck; in his ample chest, a very storage battery of oxygen; in his flat, well-muscled limbs; in his short back and generous barrel; in his mighty loins; in the speed and poetry of his action—thirty generations of Andalusian coursers saluted you. Sar-

cen and Christian, El Zagel and Roderigo Ponce de Leon curved and charged, fought and died, on his ancestors.

He was so gentle that little children might stroke his limbs, and so playful that lambkins frolicked at his coming.

He was a woman's palfrey and a warrior's battle-steed.

White as the driven snow, he dashed like a meteor through the night. The mute pressure of his head upon his master's shoulder was comfort in sorrow, strength in danger.

Pass on, pass on—linger reader—unless your eyes are dim with tears. What I have to say is to these sad-faced horsemen who close up about me. You understand me when I say that we had planned to spend our old age together, Grey Eagle and I—for Ringmaster was his titled pedigree—Grey Eagle his pet name; while the little damsel whose heart almost broke when she let me have him, called him "Patsey." More than once I had told him of the stable and paddock which should make his superannuation idyllic.

And yet I was not with him when he died. But I know that he thought of me, and was happier because he knew I loved him.

"He had the best of medical aid, but to no avail. A host of sympathizing friends share our sorrow. Will be buried in a green spot." So the message runs.

It is well. Blue bell and violet will mark the place; and when my superannuation comes, perhaps the old man will see visions; ay, and when the old man lies under the lilies, perhaps the phantom horse and his rider—Oh, well, we know not! Yet if angels ride, and horses are immortal, what a mount Grey Eagle would make for Michael.

You know what the poet says of Sheridan's horse that saved the day at Winchester:

"Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!  
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!  
And when their statues are placed on high.  
Under the dome of the Union sky—  
The American Soldiers' Temple of Fame—  
There, with the glorious general's name,  
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright.  
'Here is the steed that saved the day,  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester, twenty miles away!'"

## HORSES WITH THREE TOES

Remains of six new species of prehistoric horses from the Miocene and Pliocene periods have been recently discovered in California by Professor J. C. Merriam, of the department of paleontology of the University of California. The specimens are of the three-toed variety and are said by Professor Merriam to be valuable contributions to the history of the horse. One specimen was found near Coalinga, two in the southern San Joaquin valley and the others in the Mojave desert.—*Rider and Driver*.



HORSES AND MULES IN THE TRENCHES

This interesting scene, from a photograph by courtesy of the American Press Association, New York, shows that British horses and mules also had their trenches for protection at the Dardanelles.

## SHOWING A HUMANE SPIRIT

Dick Shields of Tulsa, Oklahoma, has the following communication in a recent issue of the *Typographical Journal*, which will interest thousands of readers in the printing fraternity:

In a recent issue of *The Journal* Superintendent Daley, of the Home, recommended the purchase of an automobile for the use of the Home, and in support of his recommendation cited the fact that the horses which have been in use for a number of years were getting old and would soon be practically unsalable on account of age.

By all means, if the needs of the Home require an automobile, the board of trustees should provide one, but does so big a body of big men have to sell that team of old horses for a few dollars?

Have they not served faithfully and well? Have they not borne the burdens put upon them willingly, satisfied if after the day's toil they found a comfortable stall and a ration of oats?

That pull from the depot or town up the hill, which they have taken so many times, is beginning to tell on their old joints, and before long they will be "too old to work," like so many of us. The old team have "reached the other side of the hill"; they are in the "afternoon of life," after a lifetime of service to sick and aged printers.

The International Typographical Union has never been unappreciative of faithful service on the part of its members. Why not consider that old team of horses as honorary members? I don't believe there is a single member of the International Typographical Union who wouldn't yell "Aye!" at the top of his voice if the question were put.

We pension our old members gladly for what they have been and done for unionism. Let us pension our old equine friends, that they may progress to a dignified old age "beside still waters and in pastures green," and finally, for anything we know to the contrary, enter into a horse heaven "when life's fitful fever is over."

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, March, 1916

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts over 1200 words in length.

### A LEGEND

Do you remember it? The ancient legend of the man facing the great day of final reckoning. He had lived as well, perhaps, as most of us while here below. At last he stood before the Judge of all the earth. His record was unfolded. The face of the Judge seemed to him to grow clouded as he traced its story. The record was pushed aside. The eyes of the Judge were lifted till they rested on the man. The lips were parted as if the sentence were about to fall. Suddenly from every quarter there gathered a host of shining forms which pressed about the august judgment seat. They appeared to be in conference with the Judge. It looked as though with eager faces they were urging certain claims. Then they vanished from sight as mysteriously as they came. The Judge smiled, turned toward a messenger clad in the radiant robes of his office, and bade him conduct the man, whose case he had just considered, into the realms of the blessed.

As they moved away the man said to his guide, "Tell me who were those who just now stood in such numbers about the Judge and held converse with Him?" "Those," replied his conductor, "were the friends who saved you. They were the deeds of kindness and of unselfish service you scattered far and wide while you lived on earth."

Did Wordsworth have this legend in mind when he wrote in "Lines on Tintern Abbey,"

"feelings, too,  
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,  
As may have had no trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love." F.H.R.

### THE FARMERS AND THE DEER

We do not at all doubt the truth of a Lee, Massachusetts, correspondent, when he says that "when the State stops giving the carcass of the deer shot by a farmer to the farmer, there will be less than half the number of deer shot and nowhere near the amount of damage to the crops. It is an easy task to find farmers who mourn the loss of deer more than the hunters, men who never shoot one and have never found fault with the animals, although they were on their premises almost every day. There are damages done by deer without a question, but a great proportion of the claims are mere talk." F.H.R.

### FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

### PREPAREDNESS AND HUMANE EDUCATION

Everyone interested in the youth of the land must be wondering what the effect upon them is to be of the wide-spread agitation for preparedness. For more than a quarter of a century our American Humane Education Society, thousands of Sunday-schools, many a peace organization, and innumerable speakers, teachers and educators have been engaged in winning the minds of the young away from war as a means of settling international difficulties and to the sane and rational methods of arbitration.

That there was something better than force and hate, that it was not only wise and Christian, but practical and safe to trust to the power of goodwill and friendship, this has been repeated until multitudes have dared believe it.

Besides this there has been urged that larger outlook upon the world which recognizes the tie of a common humanity binding all men together. To inculcate the spirit that would dwell less and less upon the sharply drawn lines separating between nation and nation has been an almost universal aim. We have been teaching everywhere that "A man's a man," that no matter what his land or race he is worthy of our honor and esteem.

What is to be the effect upon the great body of our youth of the unceasing call from press and platform, if not to arms, at least to readiness for war? Of reiterated statements to the effect that this foreign nation or that is only waiting for the chance to spring upon us, burning our cities, devastating our land? Is there no danger of this insistence upon preparedness overreaching its mark and arousing the fighting spirit among our youth and awakening an attitude of suspicion and distrust toward all foreigners?

We are not of those pacifists, if there be any such, who would send our battleships to the scrap-heap, and disband our army. The world, unfortunately, cannot yet do without its policemen, its courts and its prisons. If there comes a crisis to us as a nation when, as a last resort, every other method having failed, we are compelled by a high sense of justice to take our stand on the side of some great principle of right, few will dispute the claim that then we should be strong enough in the means at our command to defend the position taken in soberness and at the summons of duty. But surely this does not call for the frenzied and foolish advocacy of such extreme measures as is being heard from one end of the land to the other. Behind a large part of this wholly irrational clamor it is a consolation to know that there are tens of thousands of teachers in our schools who are too thoughtful to be carried away by what might seem to many an almost universal demand, and who will steadily and patiently go on training those under their care in the things that make for peace and goodwill.

Should anyone imagine that humane education means a generation of boys and girls with all iron sapped from their blood, a generation of cowards and cravens, he only reveals his total ignorance of what humane education is. Truth as well as poetry is in the words, "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." The spirit of chivalry toward all the weak and defenceless, the hatred of injustice and cruelty shown toward child, or man, or beast, will make of the citizen, should the time demand it, a far better patriot and soldier, than the selfish, bullying, pugnacious spirit that often proclaims not a possible hero, but only an arrant coward.

F.H.R.

### OUR NEW AMBULANCE

We little thought when we made our appeal last month for an additional ambulance that the request was to be granted so soon. Almost while we were asking came the information that one of the Society's directors, our good and generous friend, Mrs. David Nevins of Methuen, a devoted lover of animals, and particularly of horses, had been having one built for us as a happy surprise. We have just opportunity this month to mention it as our magazine goes to press.

We have as yet only seen the photograph of it, but it is the very kind of ambulance we have been hoping we might some day have. It will enable us to make long distance runs to places where our electric cannot go, and together with our horse-drawn ambulance make it possible for us to meet emergencies. It has often happened that with both ambulances out we have had a third call. The car we understand is of the finest workmanship and equipped with every device for the best service. Next month we shall show the picture of it in *Our Dumb Animals*, and give a detailed description. Meanwhile our gratitude to Mrs. Nevins is actually beyond expression. The ambulance will be on exhibition at the Automobile and Auto-Truck Show in Mechanics Building, Boston, in March.

F.H.R.

### OUR MOVING PICTURE

The prize scenario which we purpose to have staged and made into a double reel film, promises to be a production of a very high order. Unless all indications fail it will be shown all over the United States, and abroad as well. Its fundamental purpose is to awaken and foster the principles beneath all humane education. Its appeal is to old and young alike. A story is told that cannot fail to seize and hold the attention of any audience. The expense is large. We are now considering an offer from a trustworthy company to share the expense, push the picture everywhere, and divide the receipts, any returns being used for humane education work. Even then our share will be at least a thousand dollars. Toward this, generous friends have already contributed two hundred dollars. Who will help us raise the remaining eight hundred?

F.H.R.

### THE BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD

We want all our Massachusetts readers to see the articles appearing week by week in the Boston *Sunday Herald* with reference to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. The animals are represented as holding conferences, discussions, talking over various things that happen at the Hospital, and saying many things of general interest to lovers of animals. Miss Louise H. Guyol, one of our State organizers, is the author of these very clever articles, which take their place easily beside the celebrated "Bed-Time Stories." The articles are usually found on the same page with the Boy Scout Notes. They are capital stories to read to children.

F.H.R.

### FRANCIS S. PARKER

Just before *Our Dumb Animals* goes to press we learn of the death of one of our most esteemed and faithful directors, Mr. Francis S. Parker. Mr. Parker had served on the Board of Directors only a year, but his deep interest in the Society and its future was so evident, and his personal charm so great, that his loss seems a very real one to each of us. Suitable action will be taken by the Directors at their next meeting.

F.H.R.

**Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will**



Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President; HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor; EBEN SHUTE, Treasurer; S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treasurer; GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

#### TRUSTEES OF PERMANENT FUNDS

Alfred Bowditch Laurence Minot Thomas Nelson Perkins

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100

**Notice:**—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

#### PROSECUTING AGENTS IN BOSTON

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Chief Agent  
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL THEODORE W. PEARSON  
HARRY L. ALLEN WALTER B. POPE  
HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON  
(THOS. LANGLAN)  
FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. { Veterinarians.  
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined.....	4037
Peddlers' horses examined .....	105
Number of prosecutions .....	23
Number of convictions .....	21
Horses taken from work.....	126
Horses humanely destroyed .....	120
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined .....	16,743
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed .....	52

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2024.05 from George H. Torr of Andover, \$1000 from Mrs. Lydia A. Putney of Lexington, \$400 from Cassendana L. Phinney of Stoughton, and \$100 (additional) from Frank L. Richardson of North Adams. It has received gifts of \$200 from Mrs. C. C. C., \$100 from Mrs. E. T., \$50 from J. S. L., \$50 from T. C. H., \$37.50 from S. W., \$25 from Mrs. D. P. K.; and, for the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, \$108.06 from E. T. P., \$100 from Hon. A. E. P., \$25 from J. J., \$50 from Miss E. A. C., and \$25 from Mrs. L. T.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Elizabeth M. French of Brookline, Mrs. Carrie E. Greene of Springfield, and Mrs. Abigail White Howe of Cambridge.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$301 from "a friend," \$121.35 from "a Rhode Island friend," \$100 from Mrs. E. T., \$85.67 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$50 from "a New York friend" for humane work in China; \$21.35 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, \$20.40 from the South Bend (Indiana) Humane Society, \$16.01 from the Erie County (New York) S. P. C. A., and \$15.25 from the Spokane County (Washington) Humane Society.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Miss Emma T. Kieselhorst of St. Louis, Missouri. Boston, February 8, 1916.

**Angell Memorial Animal Hospital**  
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100  
F. J. FLANAGAN, M. D. C., V.S., Chief Veterinarian  
H. F. DAILEY, V. M. D., Assistant Chief Veterinarian  
D. L. BOLGER, D. V. S. } Visiting  
C. A. BOUTELLE, D. V. S. } Veterinarians  
T. B. McDONALD, D. V. S. } Treatment for sick or injured animals.

**FREE Dispensary for Animals**  
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

**Small Pet Boarding Department**  
Address Miss Marion P. Frost. Special telephone, Brookline 348.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JANUARY

Cases entered .....	232
Dogs.....	122
Cats.....	53
Horses.....	55
Birds.....	2
Operations.....	57

Cases .....	261
Dogs.....	152
Cats.....	91
Horses.....	13
Birds.....	2
Unclassified .....	3
Hospital cases since opening, March 1 ..	1852
Free Dispensary cases .....	2530
Total .....	4382

#### WANTED

A span of work-horses, and a single horse, suitable for light work. Should any Massachusetts reader of *Our Dumb Animals* have such horses for which he desires a thoroughly good home in the country with people who will treat them with every kindness and use them only for light and easy work, we have two such homes where we can place them. In both cases the people are personally known to us, the horses would be where we should frequently see them, and we would gladly promise to be responsible for them, seeing that they were never disposed of by those receiving them, without the knowledge and consent of their former owners.

F.H.R.

#### BANDS OF MERCY AND A PENNY FUND

The Penny Fund for sick and wounded has just sent to the St. John Ambulance Association and British Red Cross Society \$21,000. This is the seventh million pennies given for this purpose. If only our thousands of Bands of Mercy would contribute a single penny for each member to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital as a tribute to Mr. Angell, the founder of the Bands in this country, we should soon see all our debt removed. What Band will start this ball rolling?

F.H.R.

#### LOSES HORSE THROUGH KINDNESS

Mr. Welton M. Howatt, a provision dealer, at the corner of Washington Street and Glen Road, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, lost a horse by fire Saturday, January 15, when a stable was burned and eleven other horses perished. Saturday, being a busy day, it was the custom of Mr. Howatt to allow his horse to rest, and to hire one of the stable-keepers to do the work instead. Thus, in treating his horse humanely, he suffered loss and inconvenience.

#### THE VACATION HOME GIFT SHOP

With "Be Kind to Animals" as its motto, and the welfare of animals its incentive, the Gift Shop was launched, December 6, 1915, and all through the month drew more attention and better patronage than was expected—for it was very late in the season, yet the start had to be made some time, so the decision was for December the sixth.

In Brookline, Massachusetts, near the Town Hall, Town Library and other public buildings, there stands a house more than two hundred years old, with fireplaces, and iron cranes, the brick oven of "ye olden tyme," the original board floors, "H and L" hinges, hand-wrought latches, and many features of earlier days. Amid these ancient attractions and added modern comforts, Mrs. Warner has established her home and the Gift Shop, and there she means to raise a goodly portion of the Vacation Fund.

In response to her articles which have appeared in these columns now for some months, have come donations—from British Columbia, from Manitoba, from Nova Scotia, and from thirty of our forty-eight States, proving, beyond doubt, that the "Be Kind to Animals" idea has found a permanent place in many hearts.

The "Mile o' Dimes" also has proved attractive; when that mile is completed there will be \$6336 more to swell the Vacation Fund. Everyone, almost, can spare a dime, and we want the dimes. Here is particular opportunity for all interested in humanitarian work—young and old, rich and poor—everyone, everywhere, to add his mite. (The papers in far-away Newfoundland have made notes of this method to raise money, to found a Vacation Home for Horses and all other Animals).

The Gift Shop is open every day from noon till night. Friends who can do so, are invited to inspect the "Shop," to criticize, to offer suggestions, to buy, to donate, in short to cooperate in making this branch of our work a great success.

Address, Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 386 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, about all matters pertaining to the Vacation Home, the Fund, or Gift Shop, etc., or Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.

HELP US TO  
HELP THOSE UNABLE TO  
HELP THEMSELVES.

#### AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER

February 1, 1916.

WAR DEPARTMENT  
Office of the Depot Quartermaster  
Boston, Mass.

The Angell Memorial Animal Hospital,  
184 Longwood Ave., Boston.

I am enclosing you herewith, check in the amount of your bill.

I take this opportunity to express my deep and heartfelt gratitude and appreciation for the ceaseless, tireless and patient efforts of the doctors and the attendants to save my little dog's life. He has had in my opinion the very best of tender care and attention.

It will therefore always be my great pleasure to recommend your hospital to those who may have sick animals, especially to those whose pets are as dear to them as mine is to me and who value their lives and good health.

Very truly yours,

J. — G. —





EDWARD CAFFARO  
Editor of *Il Lavoratore Italiano*, and Pets  
Pittsburg, Kansas

#### THE FRIENDS OF DOGS IN ENGLAND

By MRS. FLORENCE H. SUCKLING

I notice that among the good works for dogs chronicled by the "National Canine Defence League" in London for 1915 was the saving of over 2000 dogs for the soldiers and sailors engaged in the present war, by the paying of dog licenses for them, and the giving of food and biscuits. Grand news for those who helped towards this end, but!—what pleasure it would have given to that whole-hearted humanitarian, the late Captain F. E. Pirkis, of the Royal Navy, who founded the Society in the long ago! His was a wonderful old age of devotion to the "under dog" after he had "braved the dangers of the deep" in his prime, for both Captain and Mrs. Pirkis gave up their lives to the Society they founded as the "Canine Defence League," first for the protection of dogs against vivisection, and later for their defence against all the cruelties inflicted upon them by man.

In the old days the "dog work" was done by Captain and Mrs. Pirkis from their country home near London, and was carried on by them with undaunted courage and unflagging zeal. Those who remember them, and how they gave their lives, and a great part of their resources, guiding and sustaining the little Society through its early days, and when these were over, still continuing to head it with great wisdom in its path of usefulness, cannot but regret that they are not here to witness the splendid part it is playing in the war. But the good old couple, who had worked hand in hand so long, could not brook Death's separation, and six days after Mrs. Pirkis' death, in September, 1910, Captain Pirkis followed her to the grave. At the time it was feared that the work would end with them, but fortunately an ardent dog lover in the person of Colonel E. S. Sladen came to the rescue, as chairman and honorary treasurer, and, with a capable secretary, the Society is now carried on at 27 Regent Street, London, with no small success.

## Spider of the Newsies

A true story by WALTER A. DYER



**N**INE newsboys of Reading, Pennsylvania, were disporting themselves in a primitive and untrammeled fashion at their favorite swimming place, the middle pier of the Wilmington Northern Railroad bridge. Mike Devine, leader of the gang through muscular

rather than intellectual superiority, was making one final attempt to sound in the deepest hole. Skinny Pattee and Ike Levinsky had already emerged and were laboriously untying the knots in their clothes, with much chattering of the teeth.

Presently the whistle of an approaching locomotive was heard and soon a passenger train went thundering overhead, showering dust and cinders upon the bathers. Its passing was the signal for a general exodus; in half an hour they should be in line for their afternoon papers.

The water had been cool and exhilarating and the boys were in high spirits, laughing and bandying words, as they clambered to the footpath between the tracks on the bridge and started toward town.

Some fifty yards behind them there squatted on the bridge a small dog, thin, hairy, and unbelievably homely. Not even the sharp eyes of the newsies had been attracted by this insignificant atom on the right of way. Possibly the sounds of evident good humor encouraged the pup to make a closer investigation, for he arose presently and came trotting along behind the group of boys.

When you walk on a railroad bridge you instinctively look behind you every now and then, even though you are not on the track and know that no train is scheduled. Skinny Pattee brought up the rear of the newsies, and this instinct (it could not have been the soft, unobtrusive patterning behind him) caused him to glance over his shoulder. He stopped short and faced abruptly about.

"By jolly, fellers," he cried, "here's Jo-jos little brother!"

Jo-jos was a hobo acquaintance of the newsies who was famous for a rank, tangled, and unusually widespread growth of whiskers. The allusion evidently struck Skinny's companions as apt, for they turned in a grinning knot to observe this small phenomenon of hirsute homeliness.

The pup stopped and drew his hindquarters under him in a sitting posture, eyeing the group speculatively.

A learned person, some weeks later, stated with a great show of authority that he was a "Spitz poodle." As a matter of fact his classification was no such simple matter. He was about the size of a small fox terrier, only somewhat large-headed and emaciated at this particular stage in his career. His face distantly resembled that of a Pekinese spaniel, but with an Irish touch of humor quite lacking in the typical Peke. His coat was long, wiry, and shaggy, and had obviously never known the ministrations of comb and brush. His color scheme was an indeterminate brownish gray, exhibiting marked variations in shade and hue. In point of fact he was a vagabond pup with a pedigree that would have defied disentanglement and would in no way have justified the effort.

Now these newsies possessed a sense of humor of a type especially susceptible to comicalities in

the appearance of a small, bearded dog. The pup braced his ridiculous fore legs and cocked his head, and Skinny Pattee doubled over in a spasm of laughter. One by one his companions caught the infection and their hilarity became full-lunged and unrestrained.

The pup liked that kind of noise very much; and he could make a noise, too. Suddenly his hind quarters bobbed up into the air and he gave vent to a volley of thin, sharp, staccato barks. Bully fun, this!

Big Mike Devine elbowed his way through the crowd and approached the pup. The little vagabond had learned to dread human approach, but he was thrown off his guard by the merriment. Mike grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and held him at arm's length; his expression of surprise was very funny. Then Mike turned him over and held him by the tail. That was funny, too—that is, pretty funny. As Mike varied the exhibition with as much inventiveness as his dull wits were capable of, the merriment all went out of the little pup's breast, and he became frightened and woebegone again. Once or twice Mike hurt him and a yelp escaped him. He wished this game were over; he didn't like it at all. Some of the boys were getting a bit tired of it, too, and the laughter had diminished perceptibly.

Then Mike received an inspiration. He stooped and held the pup over the edge of the bridge. The river ran sluggishly fifty feet below.

"Lookee, fellers," cried Mike, "I'm goin' to drop him over an' see if he'll swim. Where do you s'pose he'll come up?"

A slight form shot out from the now silent group and Skinny Pattee seized Mike by the shoulder.

"Quit it!" cried Skinny, his face pale and his voice shaking a bit, for he knew he was bearding the lion. "He's my dog; I saw him first."

Mike looked around at him with a slow sneer and profanely contradicted. "He's my dog 'cause I've got him," said Mike, "and I'm goin' to drop him—see?"

"If the dog goes, you go!" cried Skinny.

Mike laughed scornfully. He weighed forty pounds more than Skinny. "Who's goin' to do all this, kiddo?" he asked.

"The gang," replied Skinny.

It was Skinny's only trump and he played it. He knew he was no match for Mike himself, and he knew Mike to be capable of any sort of cruelty to the pup just to spite him. Moreover he had no assurance whatever that the gang would back him. It was a long chance, but he took it.

Mike looked around at the rest, still holding the pup over the water. An inscrutable silence held them. Mike arose and took a threatening step toward Skinny, but Skinny held his ground.

"Gimme that dog!" he demanded.

Mike's reply was a glowering oath and another step forward. He thrust the pup roughly under his left arm, and there was another little yelp of pain.

Swiftly Skinny sprang at him and landed a blow squarely on the big fellow's nose. Mike saw stars for a moment, and then lunged savagely at his slight antagonist.

But the spell was broken. The gang spirit that loves a hero drew the newsies quickly to Skinny's side, and Mike found himself gazing into seven threatening and resolute faces beside Skinny's. Mike clumsily but promptly shifted his ground.

"What do you know about the kid's nerve—

claimin' it's his dog! If it wasn't for fear of knockin' you off the bridge I'd punch your head in."

"Well, it ain't your dog, anyhow," protested Skinny, relieved but unwilling to retire.

"Who's is it, then?" demanded Mike, with a show of truculence.

"It's—it's the gang's dog," said Skinny.

"I thought you'd back down," laughed Mike, unpleasantly.

At the end of the bridge Mike roughly dumped the pup upon the ground, and he stood there shrinkingly, looking from face to face. Skinny itched to take him, but the unwritten constitution demanded a compromise, and Charlie Burke took the pup.

They carried him to the center of the city where it was high time they were selling their afternoon papers. It occurred to some one that the pup might be hungry; as a matter of fact, his figure was suggestive of extreme famine. Muggsy Waters was just starting uptown with his bundle of papers and a basket of big, fresh pretzels, for Muggsy had built up a two-fold trade. He came over and viewed the pup appraisingly and then held out one of the pretzels. The pup fell upon it ravenously. Skinny and Charlie each bought one of the pretzels and the little dog devoured the last crumb. Then he trotted contentedly away at Skinny's heels.

He would have been glad to be Skinny's dog, and Skinny openly desired him, but the honor of gang law forbade this, after the settlement of the Devine-Pattie affair. He became the gang's dog, and they named him Spider.

In about a month Spider showed a marked change in contour. He could never be handsome or graceful, but a certain obvious embonpoint indicated that he was living well. He developed no marked qualities of courage or intelligence; his one great virtue was a never-failing adherence to his newsboy friends and a sublime faith in their goodness.

No one tried to steal Spider from the newsies. In fact, among the majority of the citizens of Reading he was not popular. He did not look like a nice dog; he was undeniably not a clean dog. Very likely there were germs in his tangled hair, and the children of gentle folk were instructed not to approach him. But Spider did not mind; he had friends enough. And what are a few germs, more or less, to a newsy?

Where Spider made his home no man knew, but there were indications among the newsies of a friendly rivalry for the favor of his nightly companionship. During the afternoons he was nearly always to be seen somewhere in the vicinity of Penn and Sixth Streets, the newsboys' favorite stand. When the cold days of winter came on he discovered a genial warmth in the plate of the steam heating company, on which he would sit, half dozing, so long as one of his accredited friends was within his limited vision.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad runs along Seventh Street, through the heart of the city. One day a train slowed up at the Franklin Street crossing and a passenger called from his window for a paper. The alert Skinny was on his job, and ran up just as the train was starting on again. He passed up the paper and ran alongside with his hand held up for the coin. His foot slipped on a tie and he fell under the car, and the wheels of the heavy train passed over his mangled body.

Skinny's was not a valuable life, and the indignation of the city was not aroused, but there was mourning among the newsies, and there was a faithful little gray-brown mongrel who went sniffing woefully about among the boys at the news offices for the scent of the friend who came no more.



"REX." Owned by H. H. Pearce, Darby, Pa.

With the advent of spring other tramp dogs began to appear in the streets of Reading, and certain estimable citizens raised a protest. A license law was passed and a dog catcher was engaged. Spider's friends could easily have raised the license fee among them, but they rebelled against this form of aristocratic tyranny. They refused to submit to what they considered unjust taxation. They resorted, rather, to strategy to evade the law and outwit its hated representative. A system of alarm signals was invented and whenever the blue wagon of the dog catcher appeared Spider was whisked away to one of several mysterious retreats. Once or twice the big policeman at the corner gave a friendly, surreptitious warning, and Spider never saw the inside of the blue wagon. It was all a strange but enjoyable game to him; he had never received such marked attention. He little guessed the dark shadow that overhung his young life.

But one day the dog catcher, exasperated by the taunts and gibes of his youthful enemies, came slinking down Fifth Street on foot, with a rope in his hand. He spied his quarry at his accustomed corner and approached stealthily with a show of indifference until he reached Sixth Street. Then Ike Levinsky saw him, and dropping his papers in the street made a desperate dash for Spider. The startled pup, not comprehending this sudden movement, leaped back from Ike's outstretched hands. Then the angry dog catcher came rushing down upon him and Spider took to his heels in terror. Up Penn Street he sped, his eyes big with fright and his tail tucked in. Behind him he heard the shouts of his baffled friends and the thunderous pounding of his enemy's feet. Mad with panic he dashed straight in front of a locomotive. There was a roar, a red flash before his eyes, an instant's agony, and all was over for the little ragged dog of the newsies.

Skinny's friends raised money for a stone to mark his orphan grave, but the heartless authorities robbed them of the torn remains of Spider. He was carted ignominiously away and, as in the case of Moses, no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.

It may be that his humble spirit and Skinny's are together in some happier city, where there are no dog catchers nor any murderous grade crossings. I do not pretend to know. I only know that Spider had won the only thing a dog lives for—the love of humankind.

"In Nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be called deformed, but the unkind."  
—*"Twelfth Night."*

### In the Editor's Library

#### THE STANDARD LIBRARY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Five superb volumes, three of which treating of the living animals of the world and two the living races of mankind, comprise this matchless library. Two thousand pictures of wild animals and savage men, all taken from life, represent the wonderful progress of modern photography and bring to our very tables knowledge, hitherto unpossessed, of life in the dark corners of the world.

Scientifically accurate, pictorially unequalled, mechanically superfine are terms which best describe this splendid set of books, to which many eminent authors and artists have contributed.

5 vols. \$16.50 and \$19.50. The University Society Inc., New York.

#### BLACK BEAUTY, Anna Sewell.

As the original publishers of "Black Beauty" in this country, the American Humane Education Society welcomes any new edition of the famous horse story that other publishers may offer. This one is of exceptional merit, because of the many illustrations. There are twenty-four colored pictures and a large number of line drawings, all by Lucy Kemp-Welch. The volume, bound in cloth of blue with gold decorations, is most attractive for gift purposes by those wishing so expensive an edition of this animal classic.

226 pp. \$2.50, net. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

#### THE TRUE STORY OF "BUM," W. Dayton Wegeforth.

It is a brief but gripping tale of a dog that had to start in life as an outcast, a gutter-born puppy, shivering in unfriendly doorways, a waif whose bed "was a flag-stone and whose lullaby was the winter wind." He attaches himself unshakably to the author; has a heart full of love, and turns out to be as true as the stars above, that is, if one can overlook his penchant for getting into all kinds of mischief. And his one particular chosen friend, in this touching appreciation, eloquently shows how the dog of lowest degree, if given the opportunity, may ingratiate himself with his benefactor; "become a part of his very heart, to be cherished till life time's end," yes, and even long afterward be held in the pleasantest of memories.

The story of "Bum" with its impressive introductory poem is dedicated to the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and has received their endorsement. Such a graceful and tender tribute to one dog of proven fidelity speaks volumes for the whole canine race.

44 pp. 50 cents, net. Sully and Kleinteich, New York.

## THE JUST STEWARD

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

[The following incident is related of a large dog, kept by a Miss Napier of Algiers, some years ago. The anecdote was told in the *Cornhill Magazine* of London.]

"Now, Fido, off! Begone, good dog!"  
And quick upon his way,  
A basket held in his strong teeth,  
Would Fido go each day  
  
To bring a dozen breakfast rolls;  
Month in, month out, this task  
He faithfully performed, with all  
The honor one could ask.  
  
But oh, alas! one day eleven  
Were in the basket brought,  
And each succeeding morn was missed  
One roll from out the lot.  
  
Then was the baker charged to send  
Instead of twelve, thirteen,  
But still each day was lacking one.  
"Well, well, what can this mean?  
  
"Our Fido is an honest dog;  
I'll follow him and see,"  
His mistress said, "how comes this lack—  
What means this mystery?"  
  
She followed him, till 'neath a hedge  
Quite hid from human sight,  
She found a poor sick mother dog  
And pups in woeful plight.  
  
Half famished this poor family,  
As on the ground they lay;  
They would have starved but for the roll  
Good Fido brought each day.  
  
"O Fido dear!" his mistress cried,  
"No unjust steward thou!"  
And Fido gravely wagged his tail,  
And merely said, "Bow! wow!"

## A GALLANT PRIEST

A bombing party of eight had gone out in the night. They did not return. When morning came the regiment pictured their comrades lying wounded and dying in the mud and the decaying corn. If they could only know for certain what had happened, it would be a relief of a sort. But how to know?

It was broad daylight; the German snipers were in position; even to put one's head over the parapet meant death. Suddenly a Catholic chaplain attached to the regiment, came up to the firing line and asked to be allowed to go out in front and try to find the bodies.

After some hesitation, his request was granted. Wearing his surplice and with the crucifix in his hand, the priest advanced down one of the saps and climbed out into the open. With their eyes fixed to periscope, the British watched him anxiously as he proceeded slowly towards the German lines. Not a shot was fired by the enemy. After a while the chaplain was seen to stop and bend down near the German wire entanglements. He knelt in prayer. Then with the same calm step he returned to his own lines. He had four identity discs in his hand, and reported that the Germans had held up four khaki caps on their rifles, indicating that the other four were prisoners in their hands.

—*The Central News.*



A MANITOBA FAMILY

## BILL FOR PROTECTION OF HORSES IN CASE OF FIRE

The following, known as House Bill No. 1529, has been introduced in the legislature of Massachusetts by our Society in conjunction with the Fire Commissioner:

To require Fire Protection in Stables for Horses and Mules.

SECTION 1. In all cellars or basements where horses or mules are kept, there shall be an exit directly to the outside. If more than ten horses are kept in a cellar or basement, there shall be two such exits, on opposite sides of the building, provided a second exit be practical.

SECTION 2. Where more than five horses or mules are kept in a stable, there shall be two means of exit directly to the outside, provided a second exit be practical.

SECTION 3. No horse or mule shall be kept on the second floor of any building unless there are two means of exit therefrom to the floor below.

SECTION 4. No horse or mule shall be kept on the third floor or any higher floor of any building, unless there be a fireproof partition running through the middle of such floor, with automatic doors, and two exits on opposite sides to the floor below.

SECTION 5. All stables constructed from this time onward when arrangements are made to keep horses or mules on the third floor or any higher floor, shall have two means of exit from said floor, one of which shall be provided with automatic doors, and shall be to the outside of the building only, and shall be constructed of such fireproof material as shall be satisfactory to the Building Commissioner or to the officer or Board having the authority of a Building Commissioner.

SECTION 6. This act shall not apply to stables equipped with the automatic sprinkler system.

SECTION 7. Violation of any provision of this Act shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$200.

SECTION 8. This act shall take effect January one, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

## RESOLUTIONS OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

The Federation of Women's Clubs, having in their hearts the welfare of the horses of Chanute, Kansas, have added a humane department to their plan of work. The committee in charge asked the daily papers to print the following resolutions:

As practical aids to our faithful four-footed friends who cannot talk for themselves and in order to make the work as easy for the drivers and horses of the general delivery system as possible, the ladies recommend the following resolutions:

*First:* Resolved, that we order as much as we can at one time and plan for but one delivery at our homes in one day.

*Second:* Order heavy goods, like flour and sugar, on days other than Saturday or Monday, when we can conveniently do so.

*Third:* We will send for our supplies as early as possible to avoid rush orders.

## ONLY WAY TO KNOW DOGS

The only true and thorough-straight way to know the dog is to own one. A common residence under the same roof-tree, be it animals or humans, is the sure test of personality. To own the dog is to comprehend him in his faults and virtues, to protect his weaknesses, be anxious at his vagrancies, to catch the contagion of his love, and to agonize if it so be that he die.

RICHARD BURTON.

## "THE PURPLE CROSS"

By KATHARINE ADAMS

Asthore was an Irish horse, much beloved and gently reared. She knew the wiry spring of bracken under her heels, and the sweet, sweet air of Ireland, in her nostrils. Sleepy bird-titters, and the nightingale's wonder song were familiar to her. She did not know just what they were; but they were all a part of the world of joy in which she lived and so she loved them.

Most of all she loved her master's voice, low and sweet. He had gray eyes that laughed and laughed. They seemed to hold the sunshine of the world.

Asthore seemed to know his word and wish always with strange instinct, for she loved her master more than all the world, silently, with a dumb creature's adoration.

So sped by the Irish summer days, gold and gray, with sun shining always through the mist, wonderful with roses and opal sunsets.

Then came the change. Soldiers! horses! Soldiers, white-lipped, brave-eyed. Heat, rain and mud, then heat again, and noise—why, all the noise of all the world was there.

Asthore, with something still beside her, Asthore standing black and faithful, ears back, nerves quivering, but always keeping watch, an Irish horse, fresh from dear green fields, in a foreign land, deep in the war heat and terror.

The heart of the animal was numb with fear. The ground shook beneath her feet, from the far-off sounding of guns. The air was heavy with smoke, and there was only grayness and misery. Instinct told her to gallop away anywhere to clear air and stillness, but always she stood there by her master's side. Something stronger than fear held her. It was love. Suddenly she heard her master's voice, through the gloom, faint and far-away it sounded, but still with the old time touch of laughter.

"Asthore, they must find you—the Purple Cross. Be patient, allana."

Black night, and always the rocking of the ground. The quick swirl of a sharpshooter's bullet through the gloom, and Asthore felt a sudden sharp pain in her leg.

Her master spoke again: "Not a sparrow falleth, you know, have patience!" The sky turned from black to silver, and then to mauve and gold. The first sun rays fell on the face of a man, still living, and undismayed, and touched with a kind of glory the figure of a horse by his side.

Far across the trampled ground a small band of men and women saw the slender, black figure, silhouetted against the dawn-touched sky. Eagerly they pressed forward, these brave ones who so tenderly care for horses on the battlefield. Asthore saw them and knew that help had come for her master. The man saw them and thanked God that his horse was saved.

It was the Purple Cross.

\*  
Unhesitatingly do master and dog commune across the slight gulf between animal and man.

O. HENRY.



A HOSPITAL PATIENT



IOWA GEESE POSE FOR THEIR PICTURE

## "One Touch of Nature"

By FRANCIS LA FLESCHE in *The Southern Workman*



lately to the animal food supply upon which the Indians depended for their living.

Many strange and interesting tales are told to this day of black-bear hunting but of those that I have heard not one is so human as the following, which was an actual occurrence:

One day a man noted for his skill in hunting went out in search of black bear that he might add to the food supply of his home. Being familiar with the haunts and the habits of the animal the hunter soon found signs, and as he cautiously looked about he saw a female bear in a large tree busily gnawing at a hole in the trunk. The man quickly raised his gun and took aim but he was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to see what the creature was doing.

After scratching and biting at the edge of the hole for some little time the bear thrust in her paw and in a moment quickly withdrew it. She put something into her mouth and smacked her lips with apparent delight and satisfaction. Then she suddenly scrambled down to the ground and with an ambling gait disappeared in a low bush.

The hunter brought the butt of his gun to the ground and waited to see if the bear would return. He had not long to wait, for she soon reappeared with two cubs on her back. On arriving at the foot of the tree the bear shook the cubs down, then seizing the larger one with both her paws she put him up against the trunk of the tree as high as she could reach. The youngster seemed to understand what was expected of him, for he went up the tree with the agility of a cat and took a seat on a limb close to the hole. Then the mother picked up the younger one and held him against the tree. He clutched the bark tightly but, whether out of mischief, deliberate disobedience, or lack of common bear sense, he would not move. After waiting a few moments the mother lifted a paw and gave the

little imp a whacking spank, which, perhaps, was not the first he had ever had, then up he went in as lively a manner as had his brother and took a seat close beside him. The mother followed and with eager haste thrust her paw into the bee-hole, for such it was, and drew out a piece of honey. She carefully removed the bits of bark and slivers sticking to it and then gave it to the oldest cub. He quickly seized it with both paws and began eating it, twisting his little head to one side and then to the other, and smacking his lips with genuine delight. The mother brought out another piece of the honey and offered it to the younger cub. The foolish little fellow looked at it first with one eye and then the other, then slowly he stretched out both paws to take the honey with the tips of his claws and dropped it. With a start he looked down and watched intently the spot where the honey struck as though wondering why it should fall. A change of expression came over the face of the mother which the older cub could not have failed to understand as indicating disgust and displeasure and which might be followed by some act of discipline. Then again the bear thrust her paw into the hole and brought out a choice bit. With a look of motherly forbearance she held it out to the little one. As before he looked at it a long time with one eye and then with the other, smelled of it and then cautiously lifted his paws, distending his claws as he did so, to take it gently, but the honey dropped to the ground. The look of affectionate patience in the mother's face turned into one of anger, she lifted her paw and gave the foolish little one a whack over the ear. He lost his balance and down he went sprawling to the ground.

Just at this moment the hunter stepped on a dry twig which snapped loudly as it broke, the mother bear took alarm and down she scrambled to the ground, followed by the older cub and then all three quickly disappeared among the bushes near by.

At dusk when the evening fires were lighted the hunter came home. He entered his wigwam and put his gun in its accustomed place, then took his seat by the fireside. The wife gave him a look of silent inquiry as she paused in her work of cooking the supper, which he solemnly answered by saying, "I am not going to shoot bears any more; they are human beings like ourselves."

## The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS  
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, L. H. GUVOL, State Organizers

### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and thirty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported in January, of which 211 were in Massachusetts, 209 being in schools; 106 in schools of Rhode Island; 36 in schools of Virginia; 26 in schools of Connecticut; 23 in schools of Maine; 14 in schools of Georgia; three in South Carolina; two each in Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C., Texas and Washington; and one each in Ohio, Missouri, California, and the Province of Quebec. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

#### Schools in Massachusetts

**Fall River:** William J. Wiley, 8; Linden St., 4; Ferry Lane, 4; Border City, 6; Fulton St., 4; Highland, 7; Brown, 6; Pleasant St., 4; Hugo A. Dubuque, 8; Davis, 12; Pine St., 6; Steep Brook, 2; Westall, 12; Lindey St., 4; Ruggles, 8; Borden, 12; Lincoln, 13; Brownell, 4; Danforth, 4; Wm. S. Greene, 8; Lower New Boston, 2; St. Mary's Cathedral, 11; St. Vincent's Home, 4; St. Patrick's, 11; St. Louis, 4; Sacred Heart, 11; St. Joseph's, 8.

**Revere:** Crescent Ave., 8; Bradstreet Ave., 10; Centre, 4.

**Milton, Massachusetts:** Hiawatha.

**New Marlboro, Massachusetts:** Kindness Club.

#### Schools in Maine

**Bar Mills:** Grammar.  
**Portland:** Free Baptist S. S., 3; High St. Congregational S. S.; St. Dominic, 14; Salvation Army S. S.; Gospel Mission S. S.; Congress Square Universalist S. S., 2.

#### Schools in Rhode Island

**Cranston:** South Auburn; Eden Park, 8; Knightsville, 3; Prince Ave., 7; Norwood Ave. Primary, 9; Shaw Ave., 4; Moshantick Park, 3; Norwood Ave. Grammar, 9; Clarendon St., 9; Doric St., 7.

**Providence:** Friendship St., 4; Berkshire St., 10; Burnside St. Special, 2; Public St. Fresh Air; Gordon, 6; Moses Brown, 10; Willard Ave., 5; Grove St. Primary, 7.

**West Warwick:** Centreville, 6.

#### Schools in Connecticut

**Bristol:** Ev. Lutheran Emmanuel.  
**Meriden:** St. Rose's, 9.  
**Rockville:** St. Bernard's, 5.  
**Wallingford:** Colony St., 11.

**Erie, Pennsylvania:** Neighborhood House.  
**Monongahela, Pennsylvania:** Elrama Public School.

**Washington, D. C.:** Stevens School; Force School.

#### Schools in Virginia

**Alexandria:** Lee, 17; West End, 5; Washington, 12.  
**Richmond:** Union University; Hartshorn.

**Fairfax, South Carolina:** Fairfax, 2.

**Norway, South Carolina:** Norway.

#### Schools in Georgia

**Augusta:** First Ward Grammar, 8; Nellieville Public; Walker Baptist Institute, 3; Salvation Army.

**Gainesville:** Junior Humane Soc.

**Fredericktown, Ohio:** Beautiful Joe.

**Ionia, Missouri:** Ionia.

**Fort Worth, Texas:** I and M. College.

**San Antonio, Texas:** De Zavala School.

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**San Jose, California:** Grant School.

**Cookshire, Quebec:** Animal Kingdom.

**Total number Bands of Mercy, 99,328.**

**Little Johnny.**—Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call Postscript.

**Dad.**—Postscript? What do you call her Postscript for?

**Little Johnny.**—'Cos her name is Adeline Moore.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A CAPE COD CAT

By ABBIE COOK PUTNAM

**H**E was born in Provincetown, the first landing-place of the Pilgrims, and so his owner thought it appropriate to name him Peregrine White.

He is an unusually bright and attractive cat, considered one of the family and is allowed a place at the dining-room table. He is specially fond of olives and hot biscuits.

When either of these is to be served he will jump into his chair and gently tap the arm of the nearest person until he gets what he wants. When it comes his way he jumps up, putting both paws on the table, takes it daintily in his mouth, shuts his eyes and chews away with the utmost satisfaction. If anything else is offered him instead he turns his head away and says as plainly as he can: "No, I thank you, I prefer hot biscuit or an olive."

Nearly every Sunday morning this little Pilgrim cat gets his bath. He dislikes it as much as any cat but braces up and stands it like a hero.

When the suds are ready and his mistress has called him, he is nowhere in sight. He has crawled away under the couch to the darkest corner hoping to escape soap and water. Then he has to be dragged out and carried to the kitchen. When he knows that there is no getting away he keeps perfectly still, braces himself, shuts his eyes, and assumes an expression which might read: "If I must have it I suppose I can stand it."

Pere is gentle and affectionate and loves every member of the family as much as they all love him.

## PITY THE HELPLESS MEN

By LOUISE H. GUYOL

"They call us the Lower Creatures," the Milch-Goat said to the Cow,  
"But what, think you, that Man could do, should we go on a strike,—right now?"  
"And suppose I joined the Union," up spoke Cluck-Cluck the Hen,  
"With all of the other feathered folk! What would the world do then?"

"There's food in the vegetable kingdom almost as useful to men As the milk we give," quoth the kindly Cow, "and the eggs of Cluck-Cluck the Hen."  
"There'd be no vegetable kingdom," here Hoppy the Toad chimed in,  
"If Birds and Bees were to join the strike, with me and all my kin."

"And how," asked a toil-worn Dobbin, "would Man's work in this world be done  
If bigger beasts did not bear his loads, from dawn till the set of sun?"  
The Animals paused—all deep in thought—till spake that wise little Hen:  
"We'd best get busy, and back on the job. Pity the helpless Men!"



## AN EARLY RISER

By NELLIE M. COYE

When Mr. Toad crawled out of bed  
He blinked his sleepy eyes;  
And then began to hop about  
And take some exercise.  
His breakfast was the thing for which  
He felt a great desire;  
But flies and bugs are very scarce  
Before May builds her fire.

And so he squatted on the ground  
In corner quite remote,  
And did a very natural thing:  
Began to change his coat.  
And when the sun grew warm and bright,  
And bugs began to fly,  
Wise Mr. Toad was all prepared  
The first one to espy.

## "OLD SILK," THE FAMILY FRIEND

By ALICE SPENCER GEDDES

**I**SN'T this a nice, kindly old horse? How old do you suppose he is? He has had thirty-two birthdays which are a great many for a horse. Probably he has lived to such a good old age because he has always been treated like one of the family.

When he was born his white coat was so smooth and glossy that the mother of the family named him "Little Silk." When he grew larger and began to work his name was just naturally changed to "Silky," because you couldn't very well call a great big strong horse Little Silk. And then by and by he grew old and couldn't work any more and then just naturally, too, his name was changed to "Old Silk"; and that is what it is today.

He is a very gentle old horse and is fond of sweet apples. And when one of the children brings him one, he is careful not to bite the fingers but takes the apple and holds it with the soft part of his lips until the children take their fingers away and then he crunches it as if he thoroughly enjoyed it, which indeed he does.

The picture shows him looking over the barnyard wall where he loves to stand with the warm sun on his old back, for Old Silk doesn't have to work any more. He is just a friend of all the great big family. And the children of the sons and daughters who were children themselves when Little Silk was born, hope that he will live a great many years to look at them with his kind and gentle eyes whenever they pass the barnyard wall.



All children can aid in the observance of "Be Kind to Animals Week," May 15-20, 1916.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## WILD DEER IN MASSACHUSETTS

**T**HE annual slaughter of the wild deer in Massachusetts, permitted by our present law and engaged in by a miscellaneous multitude of self-styled sportsmen, is deplorable and in the minds of a large number of our citizens, unwarrantable. Many of the make-believe hunters to whom licenses are issued, it is said (and results surely bear out such claim), cannot distinguish between deer and the farmers' cows or whether deer have two or four legs, and so the slaughter is not confined to deer alone.

There is, however, another side to the question that receives too scant consideration. It is the actual damage done by deer, and whether this is of such magnitude as to warrant the State in allowing the animals to be entirely exterminated in the prevailing manner.

Some enlightening information on this point is advanced by Mr. Walter K. Stone, artist and observant resident of northwestern Connecticut, who has studied the wild deer for a number of years, the food they like and the order of preference. When snow was on the ground he observed that foods in the following order were to the deer's liking: ground yew or hemlock, sumac berries, frozen apples, hemlock twigs, arbor vitae, twigs of several deciduous trees, and shrubs, including apple. An experiment by Mr. Stone demonstrates how fond deer are of apples. He placed a peck of apples at the edge of his garden to which three deer came, ate of the fruit for over half an hour and, when apparently satisfied, went away. Examination of the pile showed that only half the quantity had been taken and yet the deer had eaten steadily.

Further observations of the deer feeding every day for a week in a field of young rye revealed the fact that none of the grain had been eaten but that the deer had been feeding upon weeds.

The conclusion to be drawn from such observations is that wild deer greatly prefer food that is sour or acrid to the taste and that they resort to young trees and shrubs only when other foods are unobtainable. These interesting facts tend to mitigate the damages done by deer for which their destruction is urged.

Mr. Stone takes a rational view regarding the wild deer situation and we believe the plan he suggests would be an improvement upon present conditions. He says:-

"I realize that the deer should be kept down in number, but this could be done by framing a law making it unlawful for a man to shoot anything but a buck with antlers. This would protect the deer enough to insure the animals from extermination. One metal tag, with number corresponding with the number of his license, should be given to each man who takes out a license. This should be attached to the carcass of the deer immediately after it was shot, so there would be little chance to evade the law. This law would also protect the hunters, for if a man was obliged to see his quarry plainly enough to determine whether or not it had antlers, he also could see whether he was shooting a deer or a man."

Will Massachusetts continue to permit so attractive, so picturesque a feature as the wild deer to be entirely obliterated from her hills and valleys by an army of erratic, hit or miss hunters?

W. M. M.

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